

UNKNOWN POETRY OF POE.

The 1845 edition of Poe's poems was the last collection published during their author's life-time, and although many of his early pieces were omitted from it, there does not appear to be any reason for supposing that he would have objected to the republication of the remainder, as long as they were written, and devoid of the "improvements" which some of his compositions were subject to while going "the rounds of the press." The appearance, moreover, of the following verse, will have the advantage of confuting one of those reckless charges made by a follower of Griswold, that it was "mendacious" of Poe to assert that he had printed the volume whence it is now extracted.

This—Edgar Poe's first book—was printed, although not published, in Boston in 1827. It is entitled "Tamerlane, and other Poems," and contains only forty pages. The title-page is graced by a couplet from Cowper:

Young heads are giddy and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.

From the preface to the little volume thus modestly heralded, is learned that its contents were chiefly written in the years 1821-2, when the author had not completed his fourteenth year. "They were not, of course," he remarks, "intended for publication, and why they are now published concerns no one but himself." He deems that "the smaller pieces, perhaps, savor too much of egotism; but they were written," he adds, "by one too young to have any knowledge of the world but from his own breast."

Beside "Tamerlane," which occupies seven pages of this booklet, there are nine "Fugitive Pieces;" three of these are reprinted, nearly *verbatim*, in the current collections, and another in a somewhat altered style, reappeared in the rare edition of 1829. As even the revised copy of this poem is almost unknown to general readers, the original version of it is given here.

Details of the slight plot of this poem are almost needless. Tamerlane, lord of half the known world, is on his death-bed. Before his troubled spirit can pass away he longs to disburden his mind of its weight of woe, and, accordingly, sends for a friar, and confesses to him the story of his life. Now, when the world is at his feet, he forgets all his projects of empire and visions of glory, and has but for

"Memory's eye
One object—and but one"—

the ideal of his bygone boyhood:

'Tis not to thee that I should name—
Thou canst not, wouldst not dare to think
The magic empire of a flame
Which even upon this perilous brink
Hath fixed my soul, though unforgiven
By what it lost for passion—Heaven!
I loved.

I loved her as an angel might
With rays of the all-living light
Which blazes upon Edis' shrine.
It is not surely sin to name,
With such a mine—that mystic flame.
I had no being but in thee!
The world with all its train of bright
And happy beauty, (for to me
All was undefined delight.)
The world—its joys—its share of pain,
Which I felt not, its bodied forms
Of varied being, which contain
The bodiless spirits of the storms,
The sunshine and the calm—the ideal
And fleeting vanities of dreams.
Fearfully beautiful! The real
Nothings of mid-day waking life—
Of an enchanted life, which seems,
Now as I look back, the strife
Of some ill demon, with a power
Which left me in an evil hour,
All that I felt, or saw, or thought,
Crowding, confused became
(With thine unearthly beauty fraught)
Thou—and the nothing of a name
The passionate spirit which hath known,
And deeply felt the silent tone
Of its own self-supremacy—
(I speak thus openly to thee,
'Twere folly now to veil a thought
With which this aching breast is fraught)
The soul which feels its inmate right—
The mystic empire and high power
Given by the energetic might
Of Genius at its natal hour;
Which knows (believe me at this time,
When falsehood were a tenfold crime,
There is a power in the high spirit
To know the fate it will inherit.)
The soul, which knows such power, will still
Find *Pride* the ruler of its will.
Yes! I was proud—and ye who know
The magic of that meaning word,
So oft perverted, will bestow
Your scorn, perhaps, when ye have heard
That the proud spirit had been broken,
The proud heart burst in agony
At one upbraiding word or token
Of her, that heart's idolatry.
I was ambitious

In her eyes
I read, (perhaps too carelessly,)
A mingled feeling with my own;
The flush on her bright cheek, to me,
Seemed to become a queenly throne.

Then—in that hour—a thought came o'er
My mind it had not known before:
To leave her while we both were young—
To follow my high fate among
The strife of nations, and redeem
Thy idle words which, as a dream,
Now sounded to her heedless ear—
I held no doubt—I knew no fear
Of peril in my wild career;
To gain an empire and throw down—
As a suppliant dowry—a queen's crown.
The only feeling which possessed
With her own image my fond breast—
Who, that had known the secret thought
Of a young peasant's bosom then,
Had deemed him, in companion, ought
But one whom planetary had led
Astray from reason. Among man
Ambition is chained down—not fed,
(As in the desert, where the grand,
The wild, the beautiful consume

With their own breath to fan its fire.)
With thoughts such feeling can command;
Unchecked by sarcasm and scorn
Of those, who hardly will conceive
That any should become "great," born
In their own sphere—will not believe
That they shall stoop in life to one
Whom daily they are wont to see
Familiarly—whom Fortune's sun
Hath ne'er shone dazlingly upon,
Lowly—and of their own degree.

The idea which Poe here enunciates in verse, of those

who hardly will conceive
That any should become "great," born
In their own sphere.

he explains still further in a very characteristic note; it is too idiosyncratic of its author to be ignored. He remarked that "it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to make the generality of mankind believe that one with whom they are upon terms of intimacy shall be called in the world a 'great man.' The reason is evident. There are few great men. Their actions are constantly viewed by the mass of people through the medium of distance. The prominent parts of their character are alone noted, and those properties which are minute and common to every one, not being observed, seem to have no connection with a great character. Whoever read the private memorials, correspondence, &c., which have become so common in our time, demands the astute lad, 'without wondering that 'great men' should act and think 'so abominably?'" Returning to "Tamerlane," the suppressed edition continues:

I pictured to my fancy's eye
Her silent, deep astonishment,
When, a few fleeting years gone by
(For the time my high hope lent
To its most desperate intent.)
She might recall in him whom fame
Had gilded with a conqueror's name
(With glory—such as might inspire,
Perforce, a passing thought of one
Whom she had deemed in his own fire
Withered and blasted; who had gone
A traitor, violator of the truth
Splighted in his early youth.)
Her own Alexis, who should plight
The love he plighted then—again,
And raise his infancy's delight
The bride and queen of Tamerlane.

One noon of a bright summer's day
I passed from out the matted bower
Where in a deep still slumber lay
My Ada. In that peaceful hour,
A silent gaze was my farewell,
I had no other solace—then
T' awake her, and a falsehood tell
Of a feigned journey, were again
To trust the weakness of my heart
To her soft thrilling voice to part
Thus, haply, while in sleep she dreamed
Of long delight, nor yet had deemed,
Awake, that I had had a thought
Of parting, were with madness fraught;
I knew not woman's heart, alas!
Though loved and loving—let it pass * * *
I went from out the matted bower
And hurried madly on my way,
And felt with every flying hour
That bore me from my home more gay;
There is of earth an agony
Which, ideal, still may be
The worst ill of mortality.
'Tis bliss, in its own reality,
Too real, to its breast, who lives
Not within himself, but gives
A portion of his willing soul
To God, and to the great whole—
To him, whose loving spirit will dwell
With Nature, in her wild paths; tell
Of her wondrous ways and telling, bless
Her overpowering loveliness!
A more than agony to him
Whose falling sight will grow dim
With its own living gaze upon
That loveliness around; the sun—
The blue sky—the misty light
Of the pale cloud therein, whose hue
Is grace to its heavenly bed of blue;
Dim! though looking on all bright!
O God! when thoughts that may not pass
Will burst upon him, and, alas!
For the flight on earth to fancy given
There are no words—unless of Heaven.

I dwelt not long in Samarcand
Ere, in a peasant's lowly guise,
I sought my long abandoned land:
In sunset did its mountains rise
In dusky grandeur to my eyes.
I reached my home—my home no more—
For all was flown that made it so—
I passed from out its mossy door
In vacant idleness of woe.

The "Fugitive Pieces" which follow "Tamerlane" call for little comment. They are all more or less strongly tinged with the same cast of thought which from first to last distinguished their author. The verses entitled "Evening Star," and the lines beginning, "The happiest day," are perhaps too indicative of the influence of the boy's contemporaries, and too crude to be of any remarkable value; but the attention of Poe's admirers may be confidently claimed for the other four, as not only illustrative of his mental history, but as poems of real worth. These are they:—

DREAMS.

Oh! that my young life were a lasting dream!
My spirit not awakening till the beam
Of an eternity should bring the morrow.
Yes! though that long dream were of hopeless sorrow,
'Twere better than the cold reality
Of waking life to him whose heart must be
And hath been still upon the lovely earth,
A chaos of deep passion from his birth.
But should it be—that dream eternally
Continuing—as dreams have been to me
In my young boyhood—should it thus be given,
'Twere folly still to hope for higher Heaven.
For I have revelled, when the sun was bright
In the summer sky, in dreams of living light
And loveliness—have left my very heart
In climes of mine imagining apart
From mine own home, with beings that have been
Of mine own thought—what more could I have seen?
'Twas once—and only once—and the wild hour
From my remembrance shall not pass—some power
Or spell had bound me—'twas the chilly wind
Came o'er me in the night, and left behind

Its image on my spirit; or the moon
Shone on my slumbers in her lofty noon
Too cold, or the stars; however it was,
That dream was as that night wind—let it pass.
I have been happy, though in a dream.
I have been happy, and I loved the theme:
Dreams! in their vivid coloring of life,
As in that fleeting, shadowy, misty strife
Of semblance with reality, which brings
To the delicious eye more lovely things
Of Paradise and Love—and all our own!
Than young Hope in his sunniest days hath known.

VISIT OF THE DEAD.

Thy soul shall find itself alone—
Alone of all on earth—unknown
The cause; but none are near to pry
Into thine hour of secrecy.
Be silent in that solitude,
Which is not loneliness—for then
The spirits of the dead who stood
In life before thee are again
In death around thee, and their will
Shall then overshadow thee—be still;
For the night, though clear, shall frown,
And the stars shall not look down
From their thrones in the dark heaven
With light like hope to mortals given;
But their red orbs without beam
To thy withering heart shall seem
As a burning, and a fever
Which would cling to thee forever.
But 'twill leave thee, as each star
In the morning light afar
Will fly thee—and vanish:
But its thought thou canst not banish,
The breath of God will bestill;
And the mist upon the bill
By that summer breeze unbroken
Shall charm thee—as a token
And a symbol which shall be
Secrecy in thee.

EVENING STAR.

'Twas noontide of summer
And midtime of night;
And stars, in their orbits,
Shone pale through the light
Of the brighter pale moon.
Mid planets her slaves,
Herself in the Heavens,
Her beam on the waves.
I gazed awhile
On her cold smile;
Too cold—too cold for me—
There passed, as a shroud,
A fleecy cloud,
And I turned away to thee,
Proud Evening Star,
In thy glory afar,
And dearer thy beam shall be;
For joy to my heart
Is the proud part
Thou bearest in Heaven at night,
And more I admire
Thy distant fire,
Than that colder, lowly light.

IMITATION.

A dark unfathomed tide
Of interminable pride—
A mystery and a dream
Should my early life seem;
I say that dream was fraught
With a wild and waking thought
Of beings that have been
Which my spirit hath not seen,
Had I let them pass me by,
With a dreaming eye!
Let none of earth inherit
That vision on my spirit;
Those thoughts I would control,
As a spell upon his soul;
For that bright hope at last
And that light time have past,
And my worldly rest hath gone
With a sigh as it pushed on:
I care not though it perish
With a thought I then did cherish.

How often we forget all time, when lone
Admiring Nature's universal throne;
Her woods—her wiles—her mountains—the intense
Reply of hers to our intelligence!

I.

In youth I have known and with whom the earth
In secret communing held—as he with it,
In daylight, and in beauty, from his birth;
Whose fervid flickering torch of life was lit
From the sun and stars, whence he had drawn forth
A passionate light such for his spirit was fit;
And yet that spirit knew—not in the hour
Of its own fervor—what had o'er it power.

II.

Perhaps it may be that my mind is wrought
To a fever by the moonbeam that hangs o'er,
But I will half believe that wild light fraught
With more of sovereignty than ancient lore
Hath ever told—or is it of a thought
The unembodied essence, and no more,
That with quickening spell doth o'er us pass
As dew of the night time o'er the summer grass.

III.

Doth o'er us pass, when, as th' expanding eye
To the loved object—so the tear to the lid
Will start, which lately slept in apathy?
And yet it need not be—(that object) aid
From us in life—but common—which doth lie
Each hour before us—but then only bid
With a strange sound, as a harp-string broken
'T' awake us—'tis a symbol and a token.

IV.

Of what in other worlds shall be—and given
In beauty by our God, to those alone
Who otherwise would fall from life and Heaven
Drawn by their heart's passion, and that tone,
That high tone of the spirit which hath striven
Though not with Faith—with goodness—whose throne
With desperate energy 't hath beaten down:
Wearing its own deep feeling as a crown.

The happiest day—the happiest hour
My sacred and blighted heart hath known,
The highest hope of pride and power,
I feel hath flown.

Of power! said I! yes! such I ween;
But they have vanished long, alas!
The visions of my youth have been—
But let them pass.

And, pride, what have I now with thee?
Another brow may ev'n inherit
The venom thou hast poured on me—
Be still, my spirit.

The happiest day—the happiest hour
Mine eyes shall see—have even seen,
The brightest glance of pride and power
I feel—have been:

But were that hope of pride and power
Now offered, with the pain
Ev'n then I felt—that brightest hour
I would not live again:

For on its wing was dark alloy,
And as it fluttered fell
An essence powerful to destroy
A soul that knew it well.

HYGIENIC.

Of disinfectants sufficiently inexpensive for general use—cheapness being an important desideratum—next to carbolic and creosylic acids are placed zinc salts and after them manganese and iron salts.

It has been recently found that the addition of a small quantity of borax or boric acid to milk preserves it fresh for a considerable time. The requisite proportion, however, has not yet been ascertained; but although boric acid acts as a poison, it is harmless in small quantities, and alters the taste of the milk but slightly.

SALICIN is not the only remedy which is now being used in cases of acute rheumatism. Another is being adopted. Unfortunately, it bears the formidable name of "trimethylamine." True, it has an *alias*, but "propylamine" is not much better. This drug is derived from herring brine, and the accounts given of its effect upon the disease in question are very remarkable.

ATTENTION has been called in the daily papers to a practice prevalent in some parts of the country, which appears to illustrate the power possessed by milk of absorbing atmospheric impurities. It is that of placing a saucer of new milk in a larder, to preserve meat from taint. It is said that not only does it answer that purpose, but that the milk after a few hours becomes so bad that no animal will touch it.

ACCORDING to an analysis, water-cress contains: 1. A sulpho-nitrogenous essential oil; 2. A bitter extract; 3. Iodine; 4. Iron; 5. Phosphates, water, and some other salts. As medicine the water cress has been vaunted for its efficacy in all cases in which the digestive organs are weak, in cachexia, in scurvy, in a rickets and lymphatism; it has even been prescribed as a cure for phthisis. The medicinal principles which it contains are more or less abundant according to the culture or maturity of the plant.

BREAD contains 80 nutritious parts in 100; meal, 34 in 100; French beans, 92 in 100; common beans, 89 in 100; peas, 93 in 100; lentils, 94 in 100; cabbages and turnips, the most aqueous of all the vegetables compared produce only 8 lb. of solid matter in 100 lb.; carrots and spinach produce 14 lb. in the same quantity; whilst 100 lb. of potatoes contain 25 lb. of dry substance. From a general estimate it results that 1 lb. of good bread is to 2½ lb. or 3 lb. of potatoes; that 75 lb. of bread and 30 lb. of meat may be substituted for 300 lb. of potatoes. The other substances bear the following proportions:—4 parts of cabbage to 1 of potatoes; 3 parts of turnips to 1 of potatoes; 2 parts of carrots and spinach to 1 of potatoes; and about 3½ parts of potatoes to 1 of rice, lentils, beans, French beans, and dry peas.

SCIENTIFIC.

To clean papier-mâché, wash it with a little milk, sprinkle flour over it, and polish with leather.

M. LOSECKE has recently made some interesting experiments in order to ascertain the amount of ozone present in the atmosphere at different periods of the year. The greatest amount was observed in February, and the least in November, the quantity present during the months from April to October remaining nearly constant. In a court-yard the indications were usually lower than in a garden, yet the quantity present in a room remained the same, whether the windows were open or shut. No connection was traceable between wind or moisture and the ozone indications, and thunderstorms appeared to produce no visible alteration.

SEVERAL foreign naval powers are directing their attention to the practicability of establishing telegraph stations in mid-ocean, by which messages can be sent from any part of the sea along the line of the cable to the terminal points on shore, and *vice versa*, so that communication with ironclads, mail-steamer, and other vessels, when out at sea, may be established. One invention for carrying out this scheme consists of a hollow sectional column with a base plate attached by ball and socket joint, which column is lowered into the water, and anchored rigidly to the ground. The branch cable is coupled to the main cable, and carried along the column to the surface of the water, to be there connected with instruments on board the vessels. By this invention it is proposed to control naval and strategical movements, whilst a ship in distress could communicate her exact position, the nature of her disasters, and thus procure assistance.

At the Science Conference at South Kensington recently, the most interesting communication was by Mr. Barnaby on naval construction. He stated that the newest form of ironclad, represented by three ships building, gave ships over 8,000 tons burden, with length four and a half times the beam, a light draught and fine lines, with double propellers and steering apparatus protected by shield, and with double bottom similar to the *Invincible* but with lighter armour and 31-ton guns; but he himself had no doubt that fighting ships of the future would be of the class of the *Nelson* and *Northampton* building in Scotland, with central armour protecting all vital parts, and a strong shield fore and aft screen without any exposure of the crew. These ships will cost £350,000. Iron passenger steamers are, he said, getting constantly worse in the matter of separate water-tight compartments, and scarcely ever steam power is found that could pump water from a leak of half a square foot 10 feet under water.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

SALMON fishing at Gaspé promises well.

THE mackerel fishery at the Magdalen Islands is reported a failure.

It is said that silver in paying quantities has been found near Buckingham.

FROM the Magdalen Islands and other points the fishing prospects are reported fair.

THE Canadian flag has been hoisted at the Canadian log-house, Philadelphia, amidst much rejoicing. The mast is the highest on the grounds. It is ninety feet long, and came from the forests of New Brunswick.

SUPPLIES of fresh salmon are coming over the Intercolonial Railway, competing successfully with the steamship lines. The price has gone down to ten cents per pound, wholesale.

REPORTS from the lumber regions state that the drive of logs has been very successful this spring. Lumbermen confidently hope for an improvement in the square timber trade this season.

PREPARATIONS are already going on for the rebuilding of the principal business places destroyed by the recent fire in St. Johns, Que. As soon as the insurance claims have been paid up, the work will proceed with energy.